

An Interrupted Revenge

By JOHN GASTON

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"WHO IS the distinguished looking man who came in then with Mr. Campbell?"

The person to whom the question was addressed glanced across the reception hall and replied:

"Robert Gordon. He is the fellow about whom the newspapers are saying so much—the lobbyist from New York who has succeeded in getting the Consolidated Telephone ordinances through the council. Handsome, isn't he?"

"Remarkably so. Still, on a closer view his expression is not entirely pleasant, and I should say that he bears marks of dissipation—not grossly, but there is something that suggests wine, women and song at unholy hours—or am I mistaken? Is that pallor natural?"

A woman standing near bent a keen glance at the man as his name was mentioned, and the slightest suggestion of a flush appeared on her cheeks. It was the first time she had laid eyes on him since the night she had jilted him for Frederick Markham. That was 19 years ago. They were both young—about 18—and had been sweethearts from childhood. He was still in college, a brilliant boy and a career predicted for him. But the career was a long way off and Gordon had little other than expectations.

Frederick Markham was rich and well-connected and ten years her senior. He offered her all the things so dear to the girl just budding into society, and she had accepted him and thrown Gordon over. She had not anticipated such a scene, however, as followed when she told him that she was to marry Markham. He accused her bitterly of heartlessness and of deliberately leading him on for the sake of amusement. He swore that she had ruined his life and for the wreck that would follow she was responsible by every law of God and of man. He told her that he would never again believe in the sincerity of a human creature. He would live, he declared, solely to gratify his senses, and he wished her much joy in the sale she had made of herself. It was the speech of a hot-headed, high-spirited, disappointed boy. It all came up before her this night many years later with startling vividness as she looked at him across the reception hall.

And it had eventuated much as he had predicted. He had finished his college course and studied law, while plunging into extreme dissipation. His great natural abilities had carried him through and he had settled in New York, where, instead of devoting himself to his profession, he had used his brilliant qualities to forward all sorts of questionable schemes. He had become a very successful lobbyist.

He had never visited the home city since his interview with the woman until this time, when he had come to force through the city council the most audacious and notorious measure that had ever been attempted in the city. And he had succeeded and it was whispered that he had secured a small fortune for his work.

She was surprised at the great change in the man, and still more surprised at the unchanged resemblance to the ingenious, enthusiastic youth she had known. He looked scarcely older, excepting for the prematurely gray hair, although the face had lost its roundness and the cheeks were white with pallor.

While all this flashed through her mind Robert Gordon and Mr. Campbell were surrounded by a merry party of ladies and gentlemen, to whom the former was being presented. When Mrs. Markham glanced toward the party, Gordon was being presented to her daughter, a tall, handsome, vivacious girl of 18. The mother noted the look of startled recognition in his eyes (the girl was a perfect prototype of her mother at the same age), and noted also the slight flush in his pale cheeks. The mask of indifference had vanished from his face and he entered at once into an animated conversation with the girl. An expression of anxiety came into the face of Mrs. Markham and the shadow of a great apprehension crossed her heart. Then she straightened herself haughtily and muttered to herself:

"What an idea. I must be going into second childhood."

During the entire evening Gordon monopolized Miss Markham's attention, and at the close handed her to the carriage—all to the considerable discomfort of her mother.

Robert Gordon did not return at once to New York as he had announced previously. The weeks faded into months and still he occupied the handsomest suite at the Royal and hung over the dainty hand of the young heiress of the Markham fortune. Mrs. Markham fretted and stewed, but her expostulations fell on unheeding ears. The girl felt the strong attraction toward the handsome man of the world ever felt by daughters toward the men who have been the unsuccessful suitors for their mothers' hands; and as for Markham, he was charmed by the dominant personality of the New Yorker.

The mother's apprehensions were not unfounded, however, and one day the father awoke to the situation and there was a most serious talk between Clara's parents. It was fully evident that the girl was madly in love with the brilliant lobbyist, and when the matter was talked over Frederick Markham saw at once that it was not a proper match for the daughter. Then there was a serious

interview with the girl, who was told plainly the character of the man. She resented it passionately, and the result was that a few days later Robert Gordon formally proposed to Markham for the hand of his daughter. In reply to the indignant refusal of the father Gordon coolly informed him that he already had the consent of the girl and proposed to marry her in any event—with the parental consent if possible, without it if necessary. Clara when consulted cast her lot with Gordon. All revelations concerning Gordon's career and record were without avail. Then the mother in desperation went to Gordon's apartments at the Royal and made a pathetic appeal to him.

"There can be no happiness in such a match," she said. "When she awakens to the realities she will be heartbroken—as you well know. There is no happiness in such a marriage either for her or for you. I do not know what you are after. I will not insult you by intimating that you seek her money. If you do it shall be yours without a marriage. In any event I conjure you by a mother's love; by the memory of the old times when we were friends—more than friends, do not destroy my daughter's life."

Rising from his chair where he had sat nonchalant and unconcerned during the interview, Gordon advanced directly in front of the excited woman who stood with clasped hands and flushed face pouring out her heart, and said in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"It has been my dream for 19 years to see you in front of me pleading for something dear to your heart. I never dared to hope the dream would come true—certainly not in the manner it has. Let me tell you, I will give you your heart's desire just as you gave me mine 19 years ago. You chose deliberately to ruin my life. You were merciless—even scornful. What I am, I am as a result of your heartlessness. What I am not is the result of your faithlessness. All the reasons that make me in your estimation an unfit husband for your daughter are the result of your ambition and your advice. I was not a man of bad instincts in the old days. I was not void of ambition. All this you deliberately killed. You sapped all the good out of my nature and threw me aside, a mere husk. Now you appeal to the moral nature you destroyed. I never dreamed of so perfect a revenge until I saw the girl—your very second self, and then I saw the way to make you suffer even as I have suffered. And you must suffer to the end. I will not spare you. Go and tell the girl what I have said—and that I am your old lover, if you please. She will not believe it and I will deny it. It is your turn to walk the floor now. I have done it for 19 years. Oh, I will lead your proud and sensitive girl a pretty dance, I promise you."

He caught her as she fainted, and after applying restoratives showed her to her carriage.

The wedding was a swell affair and the newly-wedded pair went abroad for a honeymoon tour.

It was ten months later at Venice, when the crisis came. They had lingered there for five weeks enjoying the soft languor of the Italian skies. The months had been a revelation to Gordon. Never had he supposed earth held such joy as he had found in the golden weeks that had slipped by since his marriage. As he penetrated further and further into the nature of the woman who had married him despite warning and evil report, he sounded depths of tenderness that he never expected had existed. Far from carrying out his threat and intention to break her heart, he became inspired day by day with the deepest reverence for her. This soft evening in Venice the climax came. He crossed over to where his wife sat and said:

"Clara, I have a confession to make. I cannot go on in this way with a lie in my heart. I did not marry you with a clean soul and from a pure love. All they have said about me is true. Your mother knew me better than any living person, and she told you the truth. Since I have known you as wife I have come to learn somewhat of your real worth, and a great loathing of myself has taken possession of me until life seems only tolerable on the condition that I cease to act a lie and that you know me as I am. Forgive me? I was cruelly hurt by a woman once and I charged it to all womankind. I will leave you if you will—it's anything, anything, no matter how hard so I stand at least honest in your sight."

With a broken sob he sank on one knee and buried his face in his hands.

In an instant she was beside him with both arms about his neck.

"I knew you better than you knew yourself," she whispered.

Finding His Rating.
It was on the beach at Southampton. A number of children were playing and digging in the sand in charge of two nurses and governesses. Two little fellows in immaculate white duck sailor suits had scraped up an acquaintance. Neither of them was much over three years old.

"I live in New York," said one, with somewhat of an air of superiority, "and where do you live?"

The other chap looked him over for a moment and then retorted: "I live at Tuxedo Park. How many horses does your father keep?"

This last was a crusher, but it showed the spirit of the rising moneyed generation.—N. Y. Times.

THISTLEDOWN IN COMMERCE.

Tons of the Flossy Stuff Imported Annually to Take the Place of Silk Fiber.

A crowd of youngsters were passing over a broad open field in Fairmount park the other day, evidently making their way toward one of the swimming resorts not far from Belmont mansion, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. One of the lads, with the exultant exclamation: "I wonder if my mother wants me," stooped and plucked a thistle—one of the common kind, with a small, white, silky ball on a rubber-like stem. His action was imitated by the other members of the crowd, and soon all were blowing the cotton-like fiber from the stem.

Some succeeded in ridding the stem completely, but others, including the aforementioned youngster, being deficient in lung power, or owing to the tenacity of the fiber on their particular stems, were not so successful. The ringleader, for so he seemed to be, with the semblance of a frown upon his brow, exclaimed, as he continued upon his way: "She does, but I'm not going." The youngsters whose mothers did not want them, according to the prophecy of the thistle, were evidently much relieved by the knowledge that had come to them, while the others for a moment knew not whether to turn back or keep on their way. The temptation of a plunge into the cool, flowing waters was evidently too much for them, as they all ran down the hill in the direction of the pool. All seemed thoroughly to believe what the prophecy of the thistle told them.

Nearly everybody at one time or another in passing through meadows or fields has had his or her attention drawn to this thistle, but very few persons know what it is and the purposes to which it is put. It is a weed, but, like many other small and seemingly insignificant things, it emphasizes the saying that "there is some valuable use for everything that grows." The real name of this weed is said to be "kapok." Its original home is in the eastern countries, particularly Asia. There fences are built in the open fields where the thistle grows wild, so that the wind can blow the cottony or silky-like fiber against them, from which it is gathered and sent to market.

In this country it is curious to note there is a law in some states against the cultivation of this thistle. Authorities on the subject say that if this were not the case, and if anyone started to cultivate it to any extent, the time would soon arrive when farmers would be compelled to take active measures to get rid of it. The wind carries the seeds for miles, depositing them on the way, and within a comparatively short time they take root and spring up, spreading over whole fields. The spread of the weed, unless watched, is said to be so rapid as to baffle all attempts to rid the ground of it. It is of a hardy family of weeds, and smother to death weaker and perhaps more valuable plants growing near it.

Some of the uses of the silk material secured from this source, and which is now coming into this country from the eastern countries, through European ports, are hid, or, rather, kept a secret by manufacturers. It is known, however, that much of it is used in mixing in silk goods. It makes a very strong yarn when rolled. It is also used as a stuffing for pillows, cushions, etc. A considerable quantity is imported into the United States annually in tight, iron-bound bales of from 250 to 300 pounds. Its competition with cotton is now being felt by the southern growers. Most of it comes in duty free or under a very small tax.

Another thistle of the hemp and flax family which is coming into close competition with cotton is known as "ramie," called also reba, reas grass, China grass and grass cloth plant. Hundreds of tons are now imported annually, most of it under light duties. Its competition with flax is said to be becoming almost as serious as with cotton. Its home is in China and the East Indies. It is a perennial shrubby of the nettle family, having numerous rodlike stems from four to six feet high. It has large heart-shaped leaves of silvery white beneath. It is now being cultivated quite extensively in the West Indies, and even in some parts of the southern section of the United States. The fiber yielded by the stem of the plant is coming into use for almost every purpose heretofore served by cotton.

Insect Pests in Brazil.

I should take a small gang of practical coffee planters from Ceylon with good digestions to be not afraid of giggers, ticks and Bernie flies—to say nothing of the dear little mosquito. The writer had extracted during four years in Brazil no less than 200 giggers from underneath every toenail of both feet. The Portuguese, Brazilians, Italians and Spaniards called it a recreation on Sunday to dig them out of each other's feet. Of all the vile insects on earth, the Bernie fly is the worst. She lays her eggs inside your flesh, and hatches three very ugly insects an inch long with three rings of bristles round the body and sharp nippers. They take about six weeks to develop under your skin; then commence to turn somersaults just when you want to go to sleep after a hard day's work in the sun. The natives of Brazil adopt a novel way of extracting the brute when full grown; they tie on a piece of raw pork and the Bernie comes out of your skin and takes a header into the piece of pig-skin.—Ceylon Observer.

Horace Never Did.

The class in Latin was reading from Horace's odes some of those old pastorals that lead the metropolitan pupil to believe there is only one pleasure in turning the soil, tending sheep and milking cows in winter. The lesson that day included a poem of the peasant, his good wife, their cozy home and an observation on the duties of the day. The poem had spoken of congealed streams, indicating a winter night, and then led the peasant to his stable, where he engaged in milking. The translation of a line was: "How sweet to press the distended udder of the kine." "What do you think of the construction of that line, Mr. Blank?" asked the instructor of a country youth. "Well, I am very certain Horace never milked a cow on a winter's night or he would have left that out or put it in his satires."—Troy Times.

Australian Mail's Record Trip.

The most important mail that has left Australia in years for London recently made a record-breaking trip. The mail consisted of 247 sacks and contained many documents for the British parliament. At Sydney it was put on board the steamer Ventura, a steamship sailing under the American flag and built only last year for the Oceanic Steamship company at the Cramps shipyard in Philadelphia. The trip across the Pacific occupied just 21 days, the former time having been 26 days. From San Francisco the mail was hurried east on special fast trains on the Southern Pacific (Ogden under U. S. name), and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads, and arrived in Chicago too late to connect with the fast mail train of the Lake Shore and New York Central, which is a 24-hour train from Chicago to New York. A special train was made up and attached to one of the fastest engines on the Lake Shore line. The regular train was overtaken at Toledo, and the hour and a half lost time was made up. At Buffalo the regular train was made into two sections by the New York Central with the mail cars, including the Australian mail, in the first section. New York was reached three minutes ahead of schedule time. At New York the mail was delivered to the Campana and that vessel left on regular time. Barring accidents or unusual delays it will be delivered in England in several days shorter time than ever before.

Life's Stupendous Problems.

Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society?
Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—Detroit Free Press.

Big Forgery of Railroad Tickets.

As a result of the arrest, on August 15, of a ticket broker's concern at St. Louis, charged with swindling a customer, a gigantic railroad ticket counterfeiting scheme was uncovered. After the arrest of the brokers their office was ransacked and an immense number of tickets and passes found. It was almost impossible to place an estimate on the value of the tickets recovered, but it is stated by railroad authorities that \$50,000 would be a conservative figure. It is believed that many of the tickets and passes were forged.

An Overflow.

First Financier—Are you getting much out of that new oil well?
Second Financier—Are we? About \$5,000 a week, all in five-dollar subscriptions!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wisconsin Farm Lands.

The best of farm lands can be obtained now in Marinette County, Wisconsin, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at a low price and on very favorable terms. Wisconsin is noted for its fine crops, excellent markets and healthful climate. Why rent a farm when you can buy one much cheaper than you can rent and in a few years it will be your own property. For particulars address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

Perhaps the man you think is a fool thinks you are in the same class.—Chicago Daily News.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Why don't you let folks advise you? They enjoy it.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Check Cold and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 18.		
CATTLE—Common ..	2 25	@ 3 50
Extra butchers ..	4 75	@ 5 00
CALVES—Extra ..	6 75	@ 7 00
HOGS—Select shippers ..	7 00	@ 7 10
Mixed packers ..	6 60	@ 6 95
SHEEP—Extra ..	3 20	@ 3 25
LAMBS—Extra ..	4 40	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Spring pat ..	3 80	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	71 1/2	@ 73
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	61	@ 67
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	37	@ 39
RYE—No. 2 ..	55	@ 55 1/2
PORK—Mess ..	14 90	@ 14 95
LARD—Steam ..	9 80	@ 9 82 1/2
Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent ..	3 50	@ 3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	70 1/2	@ 71 1/2
No. 3 spring ..	67 1/2	@ 68 1/2
CORN—No. 2 ..	58 1/2	@ 59 1/2
OATS—No. 2 ..	37	@ 38 1/2
RYE—No. 2 ..	55	@ 55 1/2
PORK—Mess ..	14 90	@ 14 95
LARD—Steam ..	9 80	@ 9 82 1/2
New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent ..	3 50	@ 3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	70 1/2	@ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	61	@ 67
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	37	@ 39
RYE—Western ..	55	@ 55 1/2
PORK—Family ..	16 75	@ 17 00
LARD—Steam ..	9 80	@ 9 82 1/2
Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	72 1/2	@ 73 1/2
Southern ..	68 1/2	@ 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	61	@ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	37	@ 38
CATTLE—Butchers ..	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western ..	6 75	@ 6 80
Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	72 1/2	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	61	@ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	37	@ 38
PORK—Mess ..	14 90	@ 15 00
LARD—Steam ..	9 80	@ 9 82 1/2
Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	70 1/2	@ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	61	@ 67
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	37	@ 38

CATARRH OF KIDNEYS

Quickly Develops Into Bright's Disease.

(PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH WHEREVER LOCATED.)



John Herziger, son of Alderman Herziger, of Neenah, Wis., and Vice President of the Neenah Young Men's Club, writes in a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, the following:

"After suffering for two years with kidney trouble I received relief and a cure from using your wonderful medicine, Peruna."

"For months I was unable to work on account of a severe pain in my back, and when I was able to do anything I was in pain and distressed most of the time."

"Hearing so much of the good results people had obtained through the use of Peruna I determined to give it a trial and it was a lucky day for me when I did so. I am well now and it only took a few bottles of Peruna."—John Herziger, 307 Commercial street, Neenah, Wis.

Two years suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, unable to work on account of the severe pain; could find no relief from medicine; gave Peruna a trial and was promptly cured—such was the experience of John Herziger, of Wisconsin.

This experience has been repeated many times. Not only in Wisconsin but in every state in the Union. It was indeed a lucky day for this young man when his attention was called to Peruna. What would have been the re-

sult had he continued suffering on and fooling away precious time with other remedies, no man can tell. But it is almost certain that it would have ended in incurable Bright's disease of the kidneys, which sooner or later would have proved fatal.

Peruna is a sure cure for incipient Bright's disease of the kidneys. Taken in the early stages of this disease, it cures permanently. Bright's disease always begins with catarrh of the kidneys. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Congressman Bankhead's Statement.
Congressman J. H. Bankhead, of Alabama, one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., gives his indorsement to the great catarrh remedy, Peruna, in the following words:

"Your Peruna is one of the best medicines I ever tried, and no family should be without your remarkable remedy. As a tonic and a catarrh cure I know of nothing better."—J. H. Bankhead.

Samuel R. Sprecher, Junior Beadle Court Angelina No. 3422 I. O. O. F., 205 High St., Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I came here a few years ago suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, in search of health. I thought that the climate would cure me but found that I was mistaken, but what the climate could not do Peruna could and did. Seven weeks' trial convinced me that I had the right medicine and I was then a well man. I know of at least twenty friends and members of the lodge to which I belong who have been cured of catarrh, bladder and kidney trouble through the use of Peruna and it has a host of friends in this city."—Samuel R. Sprecher.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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